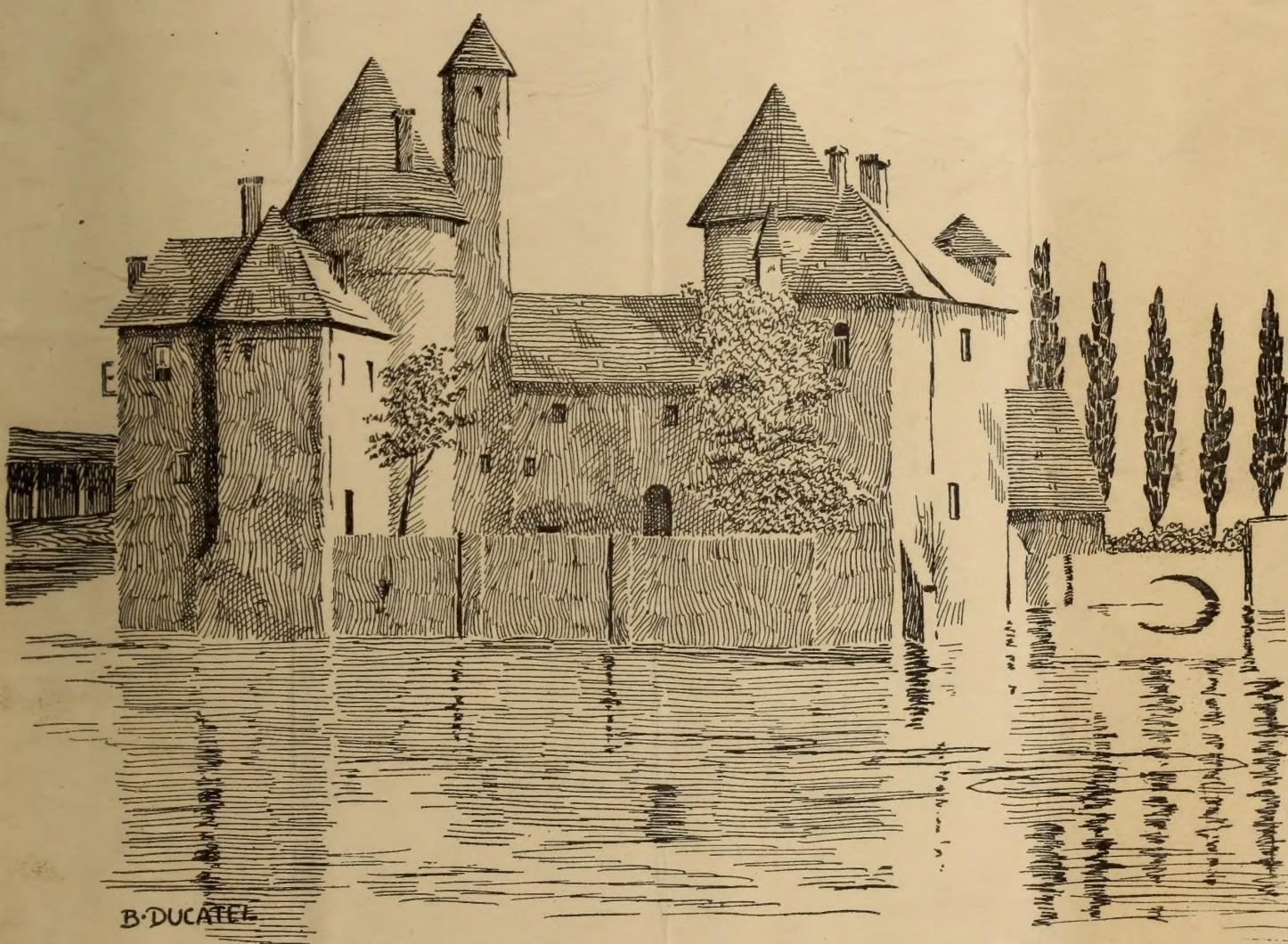


No. 15.

Price 50 Centimes.

THE Iodine Chronicle



Easter Number
1918

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. GEORGE J. BOYCE, Officer Commanding.

MANAGING EDITOR: Capt. H. W. Whytock, M.C.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. J. H. Paulding.

No. 15.

29th MARCH, 1918.

Price—50 CENTIMES.

EDITORIAL.

With this issue "The Iodine Chronicle" resumes its separate existence, after a long and varied career as part of "N.Y.D.", the combined paper of the Ambulances of the Division. Its aim is to be the mouth-piece of all that is bright and cheery in the Medical Services. We hope to give no offence, and we trust that all will be:—

"To our faults a little blind,
And to our virtues wondrous kind."

CANADIAN WAR ELECTION.

All Canadians overseas have been filled with pride at the return of the Union "Win-the-War" Party in Canada with such a substantial majority. The Union Government stands for Conscription and a vigorous prosecution of the war. No election in Canada has ever been followed with such keen interest the world over. The Canadian people have expressed themselves in no uncertain manner, and the Canadian soldier in the trenches now feels that any sacrifice which he may make will be used to the utmost advantage in the attainment of those principles for which we are fighting.

WELL DONE CANADA!



ALLIES UBER ALLES.

By Courtesy from the "Toronto News."

EASTER.

The promise of spring is with us, the birds favour us with their song, the flowers blossom forth in full beauty, Dame Nature awakens from the lethargy of winter, and after the manner of the fair sex, strives to display her varied charms in most attractive garb. The significance of the festival is definitely impressed upon us, resurrection is everywhere manifest.

Applying these lessons to ourselves, we likewise feel their influence. We are imbued with a spirit of cheerfulness, of sympathy, of confidence in the early completion of our mission.

Cheerfulness, because work is so much more easily performed when the spirit of happiness permeates the whole, carrying on our allotted tasks, always smiling, laughing away the hours which, under different conditions, would be so weary.

Then "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," sympathy smooths the road which might otherwise be so very hard. Our neighbour may not have the same ruggedness as ourselves, he may be a "weaker brother," but the kind word, the helping hand, at the critical moment, lightens the load, and renews the spirit of the tired traveller.

Confidence also is one of the most important qualities in a good soldier, it keeps us "playing the game" first, last, and all the time. The worst is past, the best is yet to be. Our task is not yet completed, the time to lay aside the khaki, and return to peaceful industries, has not yet arrived, but it is well on the way, and we are ready to do our portion to hasten it along. Working for the universal and undying principles of Democracy and fair-dealing, we go upon our way, "with charity for all, and enmity towards none."

CENTURION.

PASSCHENDAELE.

Back to the old battle ground again, "the hell-hole of Ypres," went the old First, reinforced by more of Canada's manhood, and finding the ground from where Fritz had looked down on them won back by other troops, they "hit the line hard" and carried Fritz back to the edge of the ridge, and well down the other side.

The tales of the Pill-boxes and shell holes has already been told, but we cannot tell of the thoughts of the old-timers who went through Ypres and up the Wieltje road, and after their success looked down on the Flanders plain to where in the distance lay, Ghent, Bruges and the open sea.

Here, where each division got its baptism of fire, and where our dead lie thickest, we finished the third battle of Flanders in a way that won the approval of the Army Chiefs.

There may have been worse weather for a battle, but you can't make the stretcher bearers believe it, and Flanders mud, Fritz's pill-boxes, and plank roads will always be damned individually and collectively by them.

PAUL.

A SOLDIER'S REPLY.

(Tune: "Oh, Canada.")

Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers overseas
Send back herewith
Our warmest thanks to thee.
Through hopes of reinforcements
Our courage is sustained.
With men and guns to aid us
Thy name will be maintained.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!
Oh! Canada! To us is victory sure.
May we have strength
To further yet endure.

Oh! Canada! May yet thy teachers tell
Tales of the lads
Who first at Ypres fell,
Or bore the brunt of Vimy Ridge,
Of Passchendaele and Somme.
Who gave their blood ungrudgingly
To save their own dear home.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!
See that their memory will never die.
And write their names
On rolls of honour high.

Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers fondly pray
That earth's true peace
May shortly have its sway.
To their dear homes and loved ones
Their soldiers all restore
In health and wealth to rest with them,
And ne'er be parted more.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!
Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers overseas
Send out the hope that all
Is well with thee.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

OUR CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATIONS.

Some time ago I gave myself the pleasure of a visit to the — Canadian C.C.S., where I received a very warm and hearty reception, as did our little journal, "N.Y.D.," and I sold a great many copies in a very short time.

Some people have a very poor conception of the work the men at the C.C.S. have to do, and for their benefit I will try and enlighten them.

The work at one of these stations is not what it is "cracked up" to be. It is not a cinch by any means.

When a big drive is on, these Red Cross men work day and night carrying the wounded from the cars to a hut prepared for them, where they are cleaned up and given hot nourishment and a clean change. One would not recognise the same man after he has been given a clean up.

If a man is in need of an immediate operation, made necessary by his wounds, he is at once prepared and carried to the operating room, which is as up to date in every way as modern science can make it.

Thousands of men are saved by these immediate operations when otherwise they might have died.

These stations are the most important factors in the Medical Establishment, and too much praise can never be given to its Doctors, Nurses, and other ranks, who so ably carry on their work of mercy, and the tender care they give to our wounded men.

E. D. F.

AUSTRALIAN WAR HUMOUR.**"Aussie," a New Trench Magazine.**

"Aussie" stands for the sea-girt, sun-kissed Homeland of the Australian soldier, and the latest recruit to the literature of the trenches has taken the name. It is printed in the field by the A.I.F. printing section, and hopes to collect and record for the benefit of all members of the force the bright things of the brightest minds, and so let everybody into the laugh.

Among the news in the first number is a denial of the furphy (rumour) that Tasmania is seeking a separate peace. The malignant furphy had its origin in an enemy source, and is intended to bring dissension and dismay to the Allies. "Digger," it records, and so contributes a new sense to an old word in the English language, has taken the place of cobber in the parlance of the Australian soldier. Cobber, it is understood, means pal, and both apparently imply the intimacy and friendliness which the British soldier conveys by addressing his mate as "Oris" or "Meredith."

Of poetry, "Aussie" contains a fair selection, of which the following is a sample:—

There was a young Hun of Berlin,
Who picked up a bomb with a pin ;
When he took the pin out,
He was sent with a clout,

To the place all Huns should be in.

Occasionally in the jokes and stories there is a personal bite.

"And how often do you get leave to Australia?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"Once every war," replied one of the dinkums, "at the end of it."

In a dictionary published for the use of those at home are the following definitions:—

Beer—A much appreciated form of nectar now replaced by a coloured liquor of a light yellow taste.

Civilian—A male person of tender or great age, or else of weak intellect and weak heart.

Compree—Means "I understand" or "Do you understand"; often used in a warming or threatening sense; i.e., "Compree one on the sound box."

Trenches—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shelters.

White Rabbits—Decorations of small value and fancy names.

The peculiar ability of the Australian for draughtsmanship is seen in the numerous sketches in this excellent trench magazine, of which each division of the Australian force contributes special features.

AN UNKNOWN CANADIAN BURIED HERE?

Illiterate, isn't it? But all respects to the man that pencilled these words on the butt of a rifle which he placed on the grave he had just made. A lonely grave on shell scarred Vimy! It is the resting place of one of those heroes listed as "missing."

Perhaps in the future many may visit this and similar graves, but none will know who lies here. And yet could those who mourn see this and other bits of sacred ground, and the rude but kindly care with which they are tended, they surely would feel comforted.

CEC.

CANTEEN WET AND DRY.

We have just passed the first anniversary of opening of the Regimental Canteen.

Beginning after our arrival from the Somme, it was started on stock taken over from an Imperial Ambulance to the amount of 247 francs loaned by Lieut.-Colonel George J. Boyce.

On the statement of January 1st-18th we had a net balance of 1,690.10 francs, and had made advances towards the Christmas dinner for the unit for the last two years.

We are now in a position where, as far as circumstances permit, we can keep a good assortment of most of the things we consider luxuries and necessities.

We get some money from surrounding units and patients, but first and foremost, the canteens is run for the accommodation of the unit, and we must look to the members of the unit for their patronage.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE UNIT.**Awards.****MILITARY CROSS.**

Major A. L. Jones.

Major R. J. Gardiner.

Captain H. W. Whytock.

Hon. Lieut. and Q.-M. O. P. Stensrud.

MILITARY MEDAL.

Sergeant B. M. Mitcheson.

Corporal A. K. Magner.

Corporal W. D. Watherston.

L/Corporal R. L. Hill.

Private A. Brown.

Private E. Badeau.

Promotions.

Captain R. J. Gardiner, to be Major.

R.S.M. O. P. Stensrud (W.O.), to be Hon. Lieut. and Q.-M.

Staff-Sergeant C. H. Forbes, to be R.S.M.

Staff-Sergeant J. H. Quigley, to be Q.M.S.

Sergeant E. W. Bussell, to be Staff-Sergeant.

"Mike" reported sick after coming back from Paris, he said he didn't know what was wrong with him as it wasn't like anything he had ever had before.

Collapse of "ruby." Need I repeat the language? Is it necessary to state that that incident was repeated with disgust to everybody? Well, I guess not.

We all know that German artillery observation is very good at times, but we had to smile when a certain stretcher-bearer hurried breathless into the advance dressing station and gasped out, "Fritz must have seen me for he opened up on me with coal-boxes."

And they say Germany is short of shells.

We went to a concert last night, and strange to relate not one of the "funny merchants" tried to pull a gag at the expense of the officers.

They had real wit instead.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A Few Notes on the Career of an "Optimist."

Corporal (now Lieutenant) R. O. Spreckley was a well-known figure to all Old Timers of the 1st Canadian Field Ambulance. An original of the Unit, he was the founder and chief sustainer of "The Iodine Chronicle." Now he has left it to his successors, having departed to seek a more exalted and strenuous field as an infantry "Sub."

The writer was acquainted with "Spreck" in his ante-bellum days. He was then a civil servant, employed in the Topographical Survey Branch of the Department of the Interior. I first became acquainted with him through the medium of the debating society of the Ottawa Y.M.C.A., of which he was President.

It was "Spreck's" dynamic qualities that made the society a going concern. He was nothing if not an enthusiast, also he was unselfish, and gave freely of his time and money to help along any cause in which he was interested. As a chairman, he perhaps fell short in the ability to control an unruly discussion, and to quell overtalkative individuals who persisted in wandering away from the point.

On the other hand, he was never failing in tact, and his good nature never seemed to be sorely taxed by one or two Socialists who tried to turn every debate into a means of advancing their propaganda.

"Spreck" was a lover of the outdoors and of the simple life. He had a lot over on the Quebec side on the road to Aylmer. On this he erected a tiny shack, large enough to sleep in, but his kitchen and parlour were out of doors. Not the sort of enjoyment for every man! But better soldiers are made out of men who like to "bivvy" in the open air than out of those whose spare time is mostly spent at the cinema.

In the Fall of 1914, "Spreck" disappeared from Ottawa. He went quietly, with no formal farewells. He had gone to the war with the Medical Corps, that was all we knew. By-and-by his brother showed me an issue of "The Iodine Chronicle" with poems and other articles by R. O. S. Then I knew he was up to his old games. His teeming mind simply had to find expression in speech or writing, and he was not the sort to wearyingly ask "What's the use?"

As an officer, we may be sure that in Spreckley, his platoon will find an antidote to that insidious contamination which is diagnosed throughout the Army as a condition of being "fed up." P. M. B.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Pearson will tell us how much money an "Optimist" makes, and whether it is a military or civil occupation?

If the reinforcement believed Crossman after he had tested the new comet and whether the "Friar" quoted Scripture?

If Grant Dunn Lewis would Scarborough Land?

If our M.T. Sergeant is a travelling workshop? One of the fellows said, after seeing him empty his pockets, that he thought "Wag" could supply enough parts to build a car with the exception of the body, and he might do that if it was for the Ford.

Who were the C.O. and Q.M. who spent the night before inspection painting water carts?

SPORTS HELD AT NO. 11.UA

10-yards Dash.—To the Q.M. Stores at 8 p.m. when rum issue is on. "A" Section leading.

220-yards Dash.—To the Paymaster on pay-day. Led by Long Jones.

440-yards Dash.—To the estaminet on a pay-night. By representatives of the three sections and both transports.

Obstacle Race.—At the estaminet door. Won by members of "B" Section.

Half-mile Race.—To the bath house, when you get six drops of cold water and a crummie top shirt. This race being led by the S.M.

One mile Race.—To Church service, led by the Orderly Officer, many of the boys return full of the spirit.

High Jump.—By the waiter of the Officers Mess. Height 6ft. 4in. over the garden wall, followed by a French farmer and his dog. Waiter reports to Mess President, "No vegetables for dinner to-day, sir."

Putting the Ball (not the bull).—By the strong man in "A" Section.

Swinging the Lead (hammer).—By delegates in "C" Section. Babbs breaks all records.

Hop, Skip, and a Jump.—Into the clink. Won by members of the H.T.

E. D. F.



"ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO"

PARIS—PAST AND PRESENT.

By Elbr.

It is our first visit to the historic and wonderful City of Paris, and we have been fortunate in arriving there in the early evening. Presently we emerge from the Gare du Nord, and for a minute we are dazzled by the bright lights of the thoroughfare and the vivid activity of it all, the myriads of bustling people, real taxis and the gay cafés. What a change, too, from what we have just left, those devastated scenes of war. Can it be possible that the greatest struggle that humanity has ever witnessed is being staged within a very few hours of train journey. We know it to be only too true, but it is said that Paris never changes, and I believe it. But for the uniformed men one passes in the streets, one would never realise that a grim and ghastly tragedy was being enacted practically at her very gates.

After making the necessary arrangements at our hotel, a short jaunt up the Rue is decided upon. Soon we are mystified with the gaiety and splendour of the cafés. We sit down to think it over, and to drink a toast to the prospects of ten joyful days. We feel confident of not being disappointed, for are we not in the "City of Joy"? Fluttering around are those pretty, prepossessing Parisian women, we discover her secret—Paris smiles—Paris sings—Paris laughs, so let joy be unconfined, and enter into it with heart and soul. Of that first night in Paris we will say no more, but I smile—possibly you would too. So leaving the personal aside, we will travel together, and view some of the interesting points of the City.

Paris is a City of Beauty, most every building is a study in itself, with its own architectural design and sculptural decorations. The lobbies of office buildings are like entrances to fashionable hotels, being mostly of marble, and each with its statuary and mural decorations.

We will now cross the Seine to the "Isle de la Cite," which is truly the heart of Paris, the original city being built on the island, and thereon is built "Notre Dame," "the Palace of Justice," and many other notable buildings. It was here that Julius Cæsar built his palace, and it was called Parisea Civitos, from which Paris is the derivative.

We cross to the island by the Pont Neuf, which is the oldest of the Paris bridges, the first stone being laid by Henry III. in 1578. The bridge is built in two sections, and between the two halves is a small island, which is turned into a beautiful garden, and therein is erected the statue of Henry III.

After crossing the bridge, we visit Henry IV. statue, which is the Palace de Justice. (I might note that this building is not usually visited by soldiers on leave unless under compulsion.) The Conciergerie is an impressive sight, with its circular towers and turrets, and one shudders at the thoughts of its cells, which have held many important prisoners, such as Marie Antoinette, and many others. We visit the vaulted Salle Saint Lousis. This hall or passage was the one through which the victims of the Revolution walked on their way to execution.

We now visit the Saint Chapel, which is under the Conciergerie, and is beautiful in so far as paint and gilt can convey. It is of excellent design, and was built about 680 years ago, for the storing of relics

brought from the Crusades by Saint Lousis. The chapel is in good state of repair, and still contains some of its original glass. Some of the windows are of wonderful design.

(Continued in next number.)

THE GIRL YOU LOVED YOURSELF.

When you're getting old and crusty, and a bachelor as well ;
And some young friend comes and tells you of a captivating gal,
Then your mind turns back in fancy to those treasures on the shelf,
And again you live in memory with the girl you loved yourself.

They bubble o'er with adjectives, you listen to their lay,
As they eulogise their diet in a confidential way ;
They sigh and say the trouble is the simple lack of self,
And you know the same existed when you loved a girl yourself.

And then they ask you from a business point of view,
Could their meagre little salary be made to do for two?

You counsel them to chance it, light diet's good for health,
And you wish that you had done so when you loved a girl yourself.

Bachelor quarters may be cosy, contented you may seem,
But there's no one waiting for you, not, but might have been ;
So what's the use of influence and what's the use of wealth,
If all you have is memory of the girl you loved yourself.

MAJOR J. S. C.

N.Y.D.

The Doc. was sitting on the table in the dressing station, idly swinging his legs and enjoying a smoke, after a heavy sick parade.

He was about to go to his billet for a bit of lunch, when a sad, large eyed, black haired, short, delicate, pale-faced looking lad came stumbling in.

The Doc. immediately asked him his trouble, and the lad in a shrill, wailing, pitiful voice began. "My grand-maw had the 'con' for ten years, my grand-paw had the gout in his right toe for six years, my uncle had typhoid, my aunt had in-growing toe nails, my cousin had chicken-pox, my brother had N.Y.D., my sister got a tape-worm which runs up a bill at the grocery store, my family is in debt, and I've got pains in the head, stomach, legs, arms and back, a swelling on my neck, a hair-lip, haven't slept for a year, can't see in the dark and can't hear anyone above a whisper."

"That's enough," howled the Doc., "mark him P.B.," and fainting fell on the floor.

E. D. F.

THE IODINE CHRONICLE

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

What "Old Paul" has been up to, for he has been going about in disguise this past few weeks?

If Sergeant Twohey took unto himself a wife while across the channel? Pete's a sly old cuss.

What made Sergeant Bessey have his photo taken in a kilt? Looks most "kilt."

Why certain N.C.O.'s are so horribly shocked when the word H— is seen in print? Too bad they haven't a reproducer on their "phunnygraph."

How is it that "Long Jonah" is usually short?

How many gallons of aqua pura Paulding reckons to the gallon?

If Pegg Chase Spencer would Frank Chute?

How Jonah pronounces PHYSIOGNOMY?

What is the attraction of Paris? Is it the great collections of Arts? We will leave it to "Art."

How several sporty privates like wearing their coats longer?

If Reg Hill met "Dope" in Paris?

And if John will tell us that the McNeish and McNabb clans have renewed their old feud?

Why so many of the anxious ones returned from leave before their leave expired?

How a certain private had the time of his life on 190 francs, and in Paris at that? Will he kindly put us wise?

Why Pegg is always heading B— way? And if the Sweet Li'l One in' Blue is well, and if her papa has given his consent? What an attraction Pegg would be playing the married role.

Why a certain dispenser wears such a red nose? He claims it is from sniffing the medicine bottles. He may be right.

Who should I tumble into to-day but Bruce Cannon, one of the old 32's, who isn't anything great or big like a Sergeant-Major, but just a plain officer. As we yearned about the old days in No. 1 at Valcartier and Bustard and the early days in France, we grew homesick for the old bunch, and almost wished that we could have the old times over again. Good old No. 1.

The topic at the Sergeants' Mess was about two pretty Mademoiselles at one of the billets. Someone remarked that the Dental Sergeant had made a good impression that afternoon.

Sergeant-Major (who had already visited this particular billet) asked, "On which one"? The answer came, "He was taking impressions for false teeth."

A BET—UNION v. OPPOSITION.

The air was heavy with argument on the coming election. Above all others were heard the voices of John Dexter and "Joe Bush" Simms.

"I bet you that the Opposition goes in," cries out John. "I'll bet you it doesn't." "What will you bet?" "I'll bet you that if the Opposition doesn't go in I'll join the infantry, on the day we hear the result of the election, and if the Union Government goes in, I'll put in for my transfer to the infantry." "All right," said Joe. "If the Opposition goes in I'll do the same." There was a great shout from the boys, and to seal the bargain they shook hands.

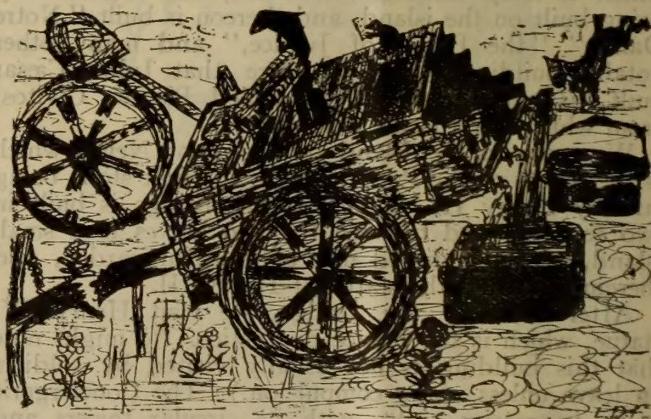
At last the results came, and the Union Government was voted in by a large majority. Joe, whose reputation as a detective is well known, started in to hunt for John. But John was away as batman to Captain —, so could not be found. But eventually (like the cat) John came back. Joe spots him. "Say, John, what do you think of the election results, and how about our bet?" "Oh well, I didn't mean that I would join up right away." "Good G—d, what else did you mean?" said Joe, and with a set jaw went away using language not very acceptable to the Union or Opposition Government, or even in good society.

The result is that all the wasted energy and mental exhaustion has come to nought, and Joe is still eyeing John with suspicion, and John is still on his job as batman.

W. H. H.

A debate was in full swing in one of the nearest estaminets as to the choice of books. One had liked "Scott's Works" best, another cared more for Shakespeare's works. At this stage of the discussion Long Jones chimes in with, "Give me my pay-book every time."

Encore, Madame.



Now on our way from Ypres town,
Along the road, a kitchen found,
And so we hitched it on behind,
Rattling and bumping along the line.

And in yon field, not far away,
Some junk and iron, a grand display,
Poor old kitchen, once good to see!
Is on the hump! and marked P.B.

CHOP-SUEY.

Overheard on a cold morning while fussing up for church parade. "Wish there was a rum issue every hour."

Reinforcement: "Say, what is a three-two"?

Ancient: "One of the men who kept the war going so as to give Guys like you a chance to enlist."

Who is the "C" Section stretcher-bearer who asked "What makes wind-mills go"?

Peter Simple, by Capt. Marryat, is a book which most of us have read. The amusing description which he gives of the midshipmen holding an auction on their sisters' letters has given our office boy a brilliant idea.

It seems he has a sister, age 22, with fair hair, blue eyes, sings like a bird, makes the best fudge you ever tasted, and a letter from this most desirable lady will be sold to the first man who offers twenty-five francs for it.

Heard the shooting of Dan McGrew in the Y.M. hut last night for the Nth time. Can't somebody cremate Sam McGee again for a change.

The Sanitary Squad when shelled out of their "cushy" billets in H—— were consoled by our optimist with, "Ah, well, boys, you'll have something exciting to write home about for once."

Thirty-six months in France had not robbed Pte. Hutchins of his liking for toast. So one cold morning he looms on the muddy horizon with a piece of nicely browned toast, which he has walked a mile to make.

Now, why Pte. Hutchins had not learned better during those three years than to place his beloved toast within reach of the hens we could not learn, for with a yell and a cackling, from Pte. Hutchins and the hen, respectively, we beheld the pair in hurried procession crossing the farmyard.

Ultimately the toast came to rest in a pool of mud, and Pte. Hutchins returned to his breakfast a sadder and wiser man. And yet, strange to relate, the fact that he had added to his knowledge of chickenology thereby, did not seem to afford our worthy brother much consolation.

Say boys, doesn't a barn with plenty of straw look like the best that you ever saw when you have carried a "dirty" big pack for twenty kilometres or so?

The boys want to know what was the cause of "Tee Hee" having to go into hospital after one day in the Officers' Mess.

Our famous prophet John always has something to get a laugh, but the one he sprung on us coming back from Flanders is hard to beat. Seeing a French farmer trying to plow his little farm with the aid of a horse and a cow yoked together, he said it was against the law of Moses.

Maybe John can tell us what the law of Moses has to do with a farmer ploughing his ground in the year '17, war time.

One of our book-worms is strong on what he calls "The law of Compensation." If you miss your dinner, why, you don't have to clean your mess-tin, he argues.

One of our corporals aroused from sleep by a shower of hot water. "Tut, tut. What's goin's on."

A ward orderly had been ordered to apply a mustard plaster to a patient, and to apply it where the pain was.

He was back in a few minutes and wanted a dozen, saying, "One was no good as the man has pains all over."

There is a young fellow named Quigley.
Who at times gets feeling quite wiggley.
He scratches his nose with his fingers and toes.
You always can tell when he's itchy.

Now there is an old-timer named Scott,
Who sure can eat quite a lot.
When his tum's full of plum, an' apple, or bun,
He smiles and never feels glum.

We have a fine fellow named Orr,
Who at times has a musical snore.
We don't mind the noise, not one of the boys,
We're all in the army, you see.

There is a youngster named Pegg,
Who joined at a town near Winnipeg.
At a change in his voice we all would rejoice,
Talk natural, dear Peggy, we beg.

They have made the great discovery of how an everyday Canadian copper can have the same valuation as a quarter.

Westby has them all guessing as to how he worked his passage back to Canada. Surprised at you, Ted, taking advantage of the young and foolish in this manner.

Camouflage is the latest craze in military circles, and daily we hear of new ideas which are supposed to make things appear other than they really are, such as a big howitzer appearing like a piece of natural landscape, or a pig-pen to assume the appearance of a good billet. But Pte. Inkie has adopted the idea, he shaves one morning and tries a camouflage the next.

Who was the Sergeant who made bold enough to accuse the hard-working "N.Y.D." magnate of republishing such edifying literature as appears in London penny weeklies?

Speaks well of his literary taste, with his powers of imagination, he must kid himself that he is drinking champagne when his glass contains the rich beverage known as French beer.

In a contemporary journal we notice that a Canadian overseas battalion has "the proud distinction of being the last complete volunteer unit in Canada." Sounds funny to us of the old first, but we suppose they are congratulating themselves that they were not conscripted.

THE IODINE CHRONICLE

"A WESTENHANGER DIARY."

Monday.

In times like these it is a fact
That wonders never cease.
The latest news from Blighty is
That Chasse's on the police.

Arrived at the C.A.M.C. Depot to-day, and am amazed and pleased to see the handsome and swarthy features of one of the handsomest men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force standing guard on the portals, formidably displayed upon his sleeve are the proud letters R.M.P., rampant. He is an ex-member of "old" No. 1, of course. Answers to the name of Chasse. After falling on his neck—at least, over his feet I mean to say, for like the proverbial member of the police, his pedal extremities are of some considerable proportions, I manage to gain the precincts of the "H.F.T.T.W." or "Home for Tired Ticket-Workers."

Tuesday.

"Music hath charms," the poet said
To soothe the savage breast.
But if we get too much of it,
It gives us little rest.

Am awakened by fearful sounds that make my hair stand on end, although withal they have a familiar ring. Furtively making my way in their direction, stumbling against numerous horror-stricken youths with box car numbers who have as yet not come into contact with all the horrors of modern war. I trace the sounds to their source and find that they emanate from "Baffy," the sweet boy vocalist, whose sylvan notes had done so much to cheer the boys and drown the sound of intensive gun fire when at the front. "Baffy" having by special request song his well-known ditty "Kinidians, and proud of it tew," I leave him, having been at the front two years, my nerves not being what they used to be.

Wednesday.

Who says the nation is asleep,
And that the bull dog slumbers;
While stretchers on the training ground
Are opened still by numbers?

To-day go ye upon the parade ground, and there get an insight into some of the intricacies and frightfulness of modern warfare. I look for half an hour upon a squad of embryo reinforcements who were opening and closing stretchers by numbers.

Thursday.

The chap who's faced the shot and shell
Has never very much to tell.
But he who always stays behind
Has lots of yarns you'll always find.

If I stay here much longer I'm afraid I'll have shell shock listening to the wonderful stories of "Life at the front as I saw it" freely retailed by grizzled orderlies from Base Hospitals.

Friday.

Full many gallant scenes I've seen,
But none nobler than this I ween.

To-day seen a truly noble sight, gallant youths volunteering for Active Service in France, but nearly got shell shock again when I learned that it is for a Base Hospital at Boulogne.

Saturday.

Just for a nifty Sam Browne he left us.
Just for two stars to stick on his coat.
When I recall his absence bereft us,
For at the time it sure got our goat.

One seems to stumble into a Sergeant-Major at every turn down here, whose more or less resplendent uniforms make the privates and officers and other ordinary people look very shoddy and commonplace.

THE BATH PARADE.

Anticipation is one of the greatest enjoyments of life. Realisation sometimes one of the greatest disappointments.

For weeks we had anticipated a bath, and when the order came out for a bath parade there was great excitement. The dinner hour was ordered for 11.30, and everyone was in good spirits expecting to march down to the Chateau and have the long-expected and looked-for bath and change of clothes. The excitement was so great that the S.M. nearly exceeded the speed limit (at least some of the old-timers say so), and that we thought we were to experience a Turkish bath besides the ordinary wash-down.

On our arrival we were politely told to wait (and we waited fully an hour) as things had gone wrong which it was necessary to fix-up. But our spirits were not so easily lowered, and we were even more anxious for the wonderful experience ahead of us having a bath.

Finally all was ready and the first batch went in. The rush to undress was great, and after walking across the muddy floor, we entered the arena of the open bath. Eagerly we went in and waited—and waited. All eyes turned upwards, Hurrah! Here she comes. Splash, drip, drip, Oh, Oh, turn the hot water on mate; Oh, Oh, prime her up a little for G—d sake. But no, with all our pleading, and, the air turned blue by Jonah and Kendall, no hot water, but our rationed portion (20 drops) continued, cold, cold, cold, water.

The S.M. came through, without realising our cold experience, with a shout. "Now, come on there, hurry up, this is not an all-day job, get busy, out of it." Of course we came out, and mighty thankful to obey orders. Well, the bath a failure, we surely thought we would get a change of clothes. Some did, and some didn't, and the sizes were various—ask Pegg. But we all received a nice clean towel, so we could not complain. Outside of that we think that bath parade was a farce, which only goes to prove that anticipation and realisation of the anticipation is one of the greatest disappointments in life.

W. H. H.

We mourn, yea we have clothed ourselves in sack-cloth and ashes.

The pride of the unit has been mutilated, unmercifully cut, and is now an outcast, no more do we see it. Straight to the point, always sticking up for the ambulance. But it's not so sad.

After all, Sgt. Paulding tells the boys to be of good cheer, because he can grow another moustache in a very short time that will far surpass our greatest expectations.

EXCHANGES.

The "Dalhousie Gazette" of November 20th is a very creditable number, particularly the valedictory address which it contains.

Our list of exchanges is considerably smaller in this number, but those we have received are very good.

First and best of the journals at the front is "The Listening Post" No. 29 (special Christmas number). It is a larger but not a better paper than the preceding issue. It carries a large list of cartoons by Corp. Hugh Farmer, which are as good as ever. There is plenty of humour, and their short story competition has brought out some good yarns. The price is two francs per copy, and the paper is well worth it.

We have missed quite a few copies of "Blighty," but Nos. 71-72 are at hand, and they have gathered some good material from all parts of the Empire. By the way, we hear that Pte. Trowsdale, an old front-line journalist, and first editor of "The Dead Horse Corner Gazette," now has a position on the staff of "Blighty." How many of the boys recall this old 4th Battalion paper. It is a long time since we have seen a copy.

A newcomer in our midst is "M. and D.," published by the 13th Canadian Field Ambulance. It is well put together, and they may well be proud of their paper. If they can keep up their standard, we will have to hustle to retain our prestige.

We have Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 of "The Breath o' the Heather." This is the journal of the 236th Overseas Battalion (McLean Kilties of America), formerly the New Brunswick Kilties, or as they were better known, "Sir Sam's Own." These numbers are recruiting numbers, each published in different cities of Canada

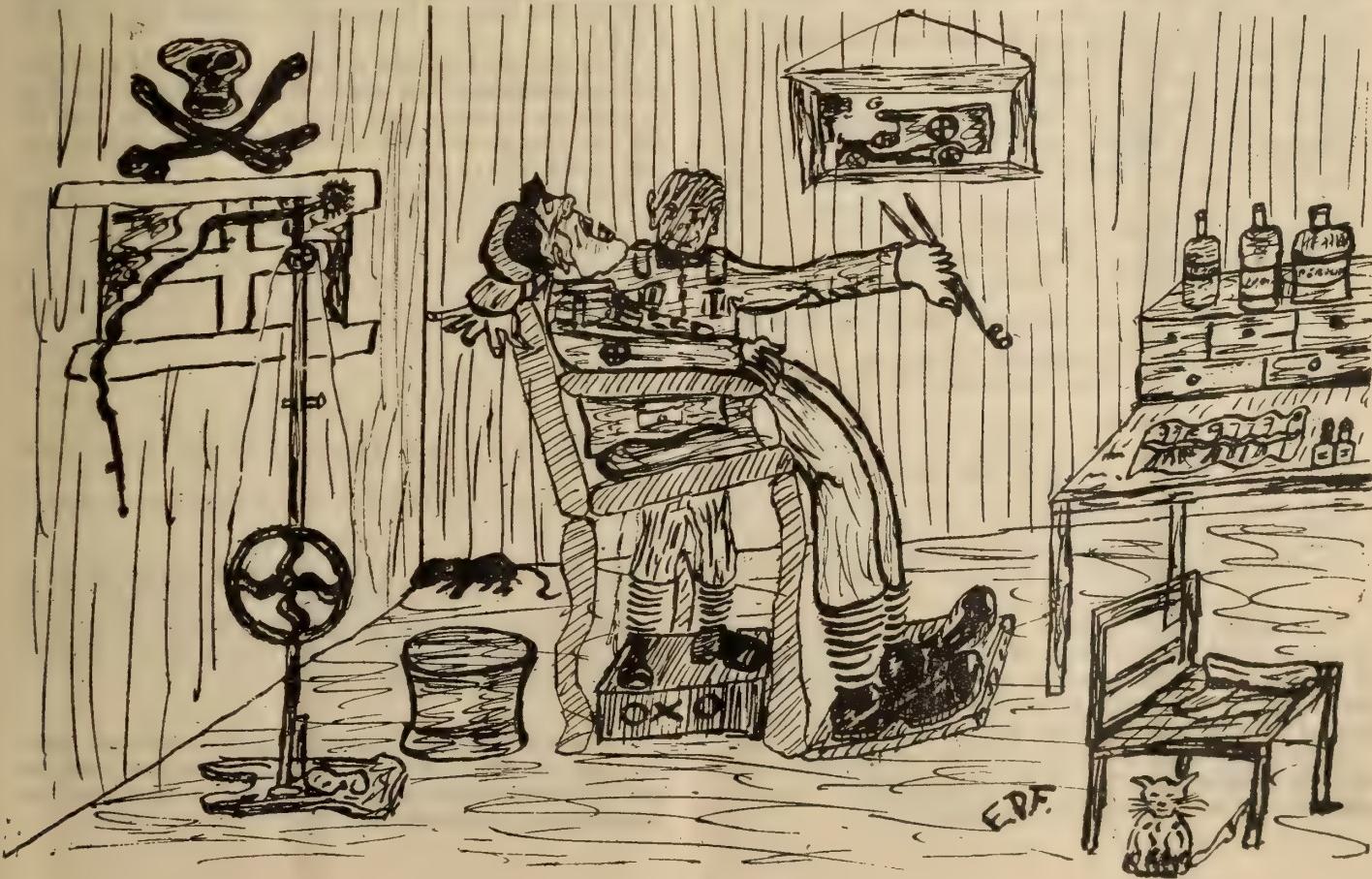
and the States, and mostly deal with recruiting campaigns in these cities. However, they have an exchange list with journals at the front, where Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie and many of his officers spent many months.

After a six weeks interval, No. 35 "L'Echo des Guitounes" has arrived, and without a doubt they are experiencing the same difficulties that confront us in getting out their paper.

We are pleased to acknowledge some numbers of "Le Lion d'Arras et L'Artois Renaissance" from Arras. As its name suggests, this weekly paper speaks of the rebirth and reorganisation of districts ravaged by the war. Special attention will be given to news of Arras, Bethune, Bapaume and Lens. Such a healthy enterprise deserves success.

In a recent issue of "Munsey's Magazine" there is an article on soldiers' periodicals, and our paper is mentioned among others. It is interesting to hear what they think of us, and they say: "The form and character of all those publications is very much alike. The comic story, the sentimental verse, the news of local sports, and then (the things we would like to know) in which officers and privates find scope for criticism which is often daringly outspoken. All alike convey an impression of humour, high spirits and unfailing courage, with an absolute faith in victory."

One curious contrast in the trench journal of the poilu is its attitude toward the enemy. Mud and blood, his khaki and his rifle are the pre-occupations of the British Tommy. To him a toad is a toad, and a Boche is a German who knows no better. On the other hand, rancour and loathing burn in the journals of the French soldier."



**PARODY ON THE "PARSON'S SON."
WITH APOLOGIES TO ROBERT W. SERVICE.**

BY PTE. J. MITCHELL, 283.

This is the song of the Canadian boy,
As he sits in his dugout alone;
On a wild cold night, when old Fritz's lights
Shoot up from the battle zone;
And shivering there, he sits in his lair,
While the whiz-bangs burst with a moan.
I'm one of the First Contingent boys,
I'm an old-time pioneer.
I came with the first, Oh, God; how I've cursed
Those Huns, but still I'm here.
I've sweated oft in the summer's heat,
I've frozen and starved in its cold.
I've followed war's fortune with the Canadian boys
Whose motto is always to hold.
Look at my eyes, I've been gassed twice.
Look what the shrapnel has done.
And that dirty scar on the side of my head,
But I'm paying back the Hun.
Each scar a brand of this "Devil's Land,"
We're playing and winning the game.
And always taking the bad with the good,
For a Canadian it's all the same.
This war is only a gamble; the worst is as good as the best;
But I'm in with the bunch, and I've sure got a hunch
That the Huns won't stand the test.
It's a long long way to Tipperary, and o' God its hell
to think
Of the thousands and thousands who went under,
And of those who stand on the brink.
In the early days we were just a few,
But we held the Hun to his ground,
Doing patrols in No Man's Land,
Each one taking his round.
Till suddenly, came a whisper,
And it maddened us every man,
For the Hun was using his gas again,
That's when the fun began.
Oh! the old Somme days, and the roar and the blaze,
And the guns all open wide;
If God made the Hun in His likeness,
Sure he let the devil inside.
But we were all mad, both the good and the bad,
And as for our gunners, well!
No men in the world in so short a time hurled
So many Huns to hell.
Month after month in the trenches,
Sticking it day after day;
Rolling into estaminets singing Parle-vous Francais?
We traded souvenirs for cognac, and often slept in the
shade
Of the old Chateau at Courcelette, where the first big
drive was made,
Standing the fierce bombardment, fighting the dirty Hun,
Digging ourselves in again boys, each one handling his
gun.
This is the story of the Canadian boy,
But the struggle is not o'er yet;
And to beat the Hun and make him run,
We'll do that yet, you bet.
It's a long long way to old Berlin,
But we cannot pick and choose;
If we can't get there on Kitchener's boots,
Sure we'll get there on snow-shoes.

Who is the "C" Section Sergeant who trades all his green envelopes for slices of cake out of the parcels of his friends. He reminds us of another business man who found a place to peddle jam. So he walks around the hut with his hand full of envelopes crying, "A green envelope for a can of jam." He did well with the reinforcements. Isn't it strange how the new soldiers like the confidential envelope?

SOME DREAM.

Wilfred is not a dead one, in fact he is a real live wire, but this little story I'm about to relate is of a dream someone had. I think it must have been after the Christmas or New Year's dinner, and judging from rumours more N.C.O.'s than Wilfred had funny dreams on those occasions.

Now this dream relates that Wilfred dies, and as he approaches the golden gates he looks them over and wonders if they are real gold or imitation, like the jewellery he admired in Paris.

Upon entrance to the admitting office where old Peter inspects and looks you over, just like the M.O.'s before ordering a No. 9 to relieve the feeling of the morning after, or a splint for your tonsilitis.

Upon presentation to Peter, Wilfred looks about to see there the golden gates in the distance and the pearly walls surrounding Paradise. Then his gaze is directed to the pavements, which are of glittering gems. And suddenly he turns to Peter, and the following dialogue takes place:—

Doubtful One: "Say are those gates made out of gold or are they brass?"

Peter: "The purest of gold, my man."

Doubtful One: "I don't believe it; you can't tell me that. I suppose you'll try to stuff it down my neck that the walls are built of real pearls."

Peter: "They are real pearls, my man; the finest of pearls."

Doubtful One: "You must think I'm easy; next you'll be trying to kid me that the pavements are of real diamonds and other precious stones."

Peter: "The diamonds are of the finest of steel-blue and water qualities, my man."

Doubtful One: "I suppose the angels are all from Paris."

This last question was too much for the old guardian and he summoned the angel Gabriel, and orders him to open the treasury and to give back to this boastful one the few good deeds that gained him admission, and to tell him to go to —.

Just then this dreamer of dreams awakes with the sweet voice of the "Orders" ringing in his ears, and he realises it was but a dream, for Wilfred's voice again bawls out, "Come on, you fellows, show a leg. Going to sleep all day?" and then turns to argue with "Old Ted" on the merits of "A. and B."

ELBR.

Peg, to Old Timer: Have one of my special cigarettes?

Old Timer: No thanks. I am smoking an issue.

On December 3rd, 1917, we were favoured by a concert by "The Ramblers," the Canadian Corps Concert Party. Their programme was excellent, and their references to Lieut.-Col. Boyce and Sergeant-Major Forbes were very funny.

"Have you written home lately?" is an old familiar sign in the Y.M.C.A. huts, but the last time we saw the card some wag had added "Yes! and we haven't got an answer yet."

HOTEL DE FRANCE.

This is a group of buildings which spread over a large area, and offers many conveniences which you will find lacking in other institutions of its kind in your continental tour. It was largely designed and built under French supervision, and traces of its former glory are still visible. However, British plans and workmanship have altered it greatly. The present management has endeavoured to maintain a first-class cuisine and sleeping accommodation as far as war conditions permit, and have catered for many transient guests. It is located on a plateau which, in a few minutes walk, gives a fine view of the surrounding country.

The manager's office is the third door on the left where the staff and special guests report on arrival and departure as well as at certain times during their stay.

Sgt. Bessey is in charge, assisted by Pte. J. E. Thomas. All who wish to speak to the manager "the O.C." will make known their wants to the commissionaire "the S.M.," who, of the staff alone has the right of entry.

The desk "admitting room" is the second door on the left where the ordinary tourist reports and is allotted his bed. Sgt. Twohey and Pte. Brennan are in charge, although travellers are usually met by the Asst. Manager, "the Orderly Officer," who is on the look-out for old friends.

The baggage room is in the rear of the desk with an attendant always on duty where guests can leave all baggage not immediately required.

In the immediate rear of the desk is the dispensary, dentist, and surgery, this being a novel feature but very useful as many a guest can testify.

Sgt. Orr, who is in charge of the dispensary, assisted by Pte. Spencer, keeps a very complete stock on hand at all times.

Capt. Clarke and Sgt. Kerr have an up-to-date dental establishment.

The surgery is in charge of attendants who will procure a qualified M.D. on short notice.

On your left as you enter the hotel is the "Canteen," library, reading, recreation, banquet and concert hall.

At the canteen, in charge of Sgt. Paulding, with Ptes. Roozen and Davies as assistants, you can get most well-known brands of cigarettes (except Players), tobacco, cigars, and any special foreign delicacies which you happen to fancy. There is a bar attached where hot coffee can be obtained at all hours, and English beer (drawn from the wood), can be obtained with in hours specified by the existing Liquor Laws. Spirits can only be obtained by application to the manager.

The library carries a stock of bound books and magazines which is kept as up-to-date as circumstances permit.

The piano in the concert hall is for the use of everyone, but the management asks that care be taken of it as on account of war conditions we find it almost impossible to replace it.

On the extreme right as you enter the hotel you will find the lavatory, bath room and barber.

Pte. Whorton, who has charge of the barber shop, has had long experience and can give the utmost satisfaction.

The bath room, while not an elaborate installation, is one of the best in this part of the country. The plunge is closed as part of the war economy.

Past the office is the mail room, where Pte. Lloyd has on hand registered envelopes and postage stamps.

Adjoining the mail room is the boot and shoe repair shop, where Pte. Neish does all work, in the good old-fashioned way, by hand.

Nearby is the carpenter shop and paint room, where Pte. Crossman holds sway. He is an all-round mechanic, and if you want any souvenirs mounted he is the man to go to.

In the rear of the concert hall is the steward's stores, "Q.M. Stores," Q.M.S. Quigley in charge, with an able staff, Ptes. Reville, Cantrell, and Williamson. They can supply you with a complete outfit (sometimes), and the tailor, Pte. Boswell, is on hand to make any alterations you may require.

The kitchen is in charge of L/Cpl. Baldwin, assisted by Pte. Mean. Under this well-known chef a high-class cuisine is maintained, and if the tea tastes of chloride of lime you must blame the health department.

The Manager and his assistants dine separately, their staff consisting of Ptes. Ross and Ash, with various helpers.

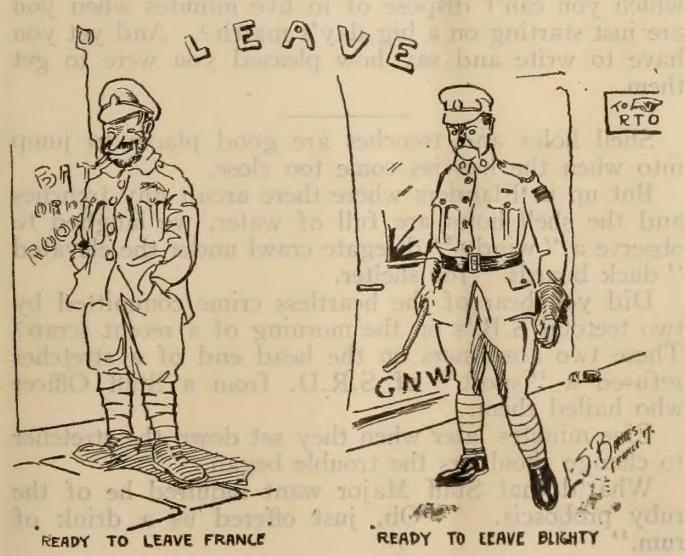
The heads of the staff also dine separately, their staff being Ptes. Babbs and Morrison.

The guests' wing is opposite the manager's office on the right. The sleeping apartments are light and well aired, embodying the latest sanitary ideas, open plumbing and no carpets or hangings to catch the dust. Guests are allowed to have any particular pictures that they desire around them.

The baggage delivery "horse transport" is in charge of S/S.M. Taylor and Sgts. Wood and White. They have a special service of char-a-bancs arranged by the management which is very popular.

The automobiles "M.T." are in charge of Sgt. Weghorn, and is very popular with the manager and his assistants as well as with special guests. They are mostly used for special trips but the management arranges various daily schedules.

PAUL.



CHOP SUEY.

Old Joe Quigley is our quarter bloke,
But on the sergeants he played a most terrible joke.
For he fed them on hard tack, and bully too,
Then add insult to injury with Machonachies' stew.

The good old mess caterer went to the quarters
To get the poor sergeants some bones.
But when he got there, he found Joe in a flare,
And so the poor sergeants got none.

Friend: I'm glad to see you're back from the front,
old fellow.

Returned Tommy: Gosh, I knew I'd grown pretty
thin, but I didn't know it was quite that bad.

News Item.—A corporal in the U.S. Army has refused a commission, as he prefers to remain a private. Is this what the Yanks call reverting to the ranks at his own request.

Our Wilfred, great Scott,

Not a bad old cuss,
But when he opens his mouth
You can bet on a fuss.
He'll argue all day,
And he must have his way.
If you said black was white
He'd swear it was grey.

Coal oil has its uses, but Pte. K. carefully soaked and rubbed his uniform with this vile-smelling liquid in mistake for gasoline. He was an offence to the nostrils for days, so he became kind of used to the smell himself. Into the officers' cook-house he strolled just as the soup was being served.

Suddenly the cook discovered coal oil in the soup, and the peas smelt the same. Why the whole cook-house was saturated with the obnoxious odour. By this time Pte. K. got wise and edged his way to the door before he confessed his guilty secret. Yes, he got away, he is a pretty good sprinter.

Don't you like to receive a big parcel of socks, handkerchiefs, sugar, milk and cocoa, and all the things which you can't dispose of in five minutes when you are just starting on a big day's march? And yet you have to write and say how pleased you were to get them.

Shell holes and trenches are good places to jump into when the heavies come too close.

But up in Flanders where there aren't any trenches and the shell holes are full of water, we laughed to observe a "windy" delegate crawl under the elevated "duck boards" for shelter.

Did you hear of the heartless crime committed by two teetotal S.B.'s on the morning of a recent scrap? These two abstainers on the head end of a stretcher refused a "snort" of S.R.D. from a Staff Officer who hailed them.

Five minutes later when they set down the stretcher to change shoulders the trouble began.

What'd that Staff Major want inquired he of the ruby proboscis. "Oh, just offered us a drink of rum."

MADEMOISELLE.

"Gee! I wish I was handsome!" was the expression of one of our delegates as he gazed upon a beautiful little Mademoiselle standing in the doorway just across the road. "I could make a hit and win a home if I but possessed a little beauty."

I was very much amused with this declaration, and his ideas of winning the fair lady, who by this time was casting shy glances our way and making her "Chaussettes Anglaise" very conspicuous by various coquettish movements.

"My dear friend," I said, in a consoling way, "beauty is only skin deep, and counts for naught. Its a man's personality and knack of pleasing that counts. Now take my advice and try to attract her attention by doing something manly and conspicuous."

Just then a shell came whistling over, and we sure made ourselves very very conspicuous by making ourselves look scarce in a nearby drain. I took on the appearance of a swimmer, while my chum tried to imitate a fish in this shallow, stagnant pool.

After beating hearts had become normal once more and we felt assured that the danger for the present had passed, we stood up, an exhibition (a beautiful sight), and to our chagrin and embarrassment we saw Mademoiselle still standing in the doorway and smiling. To add insult to injury, she asked us in broken English, "I trust sincerely Monsieurs your hurts are not too much." If she only knew how badly we were hurt by her smile, I know she would have wept crocodile tears.

Pte. Payne writes from a V.A.D. hospital in Blighty. "Having a jake time, I wouldn't have sold my dose of trench fever for two hundred dollars."

We wonder if that means he is enjoying himself.

A non-commissioned officer was reading the names of a number of recruits.

"Your name," he snapped to the first.

"Fox."

"Next?"

"Bear," was the reply.

The sergeant smiled and glanced at the third.

"Wolfe," said the recruit, and his interrogator gave him a sharp look.

"And what do you call yourself?" he asked a tall youth.

"Lyon," the recruit responded, whereat the non-com. threw down his pen and shouted with good-natured laughter.

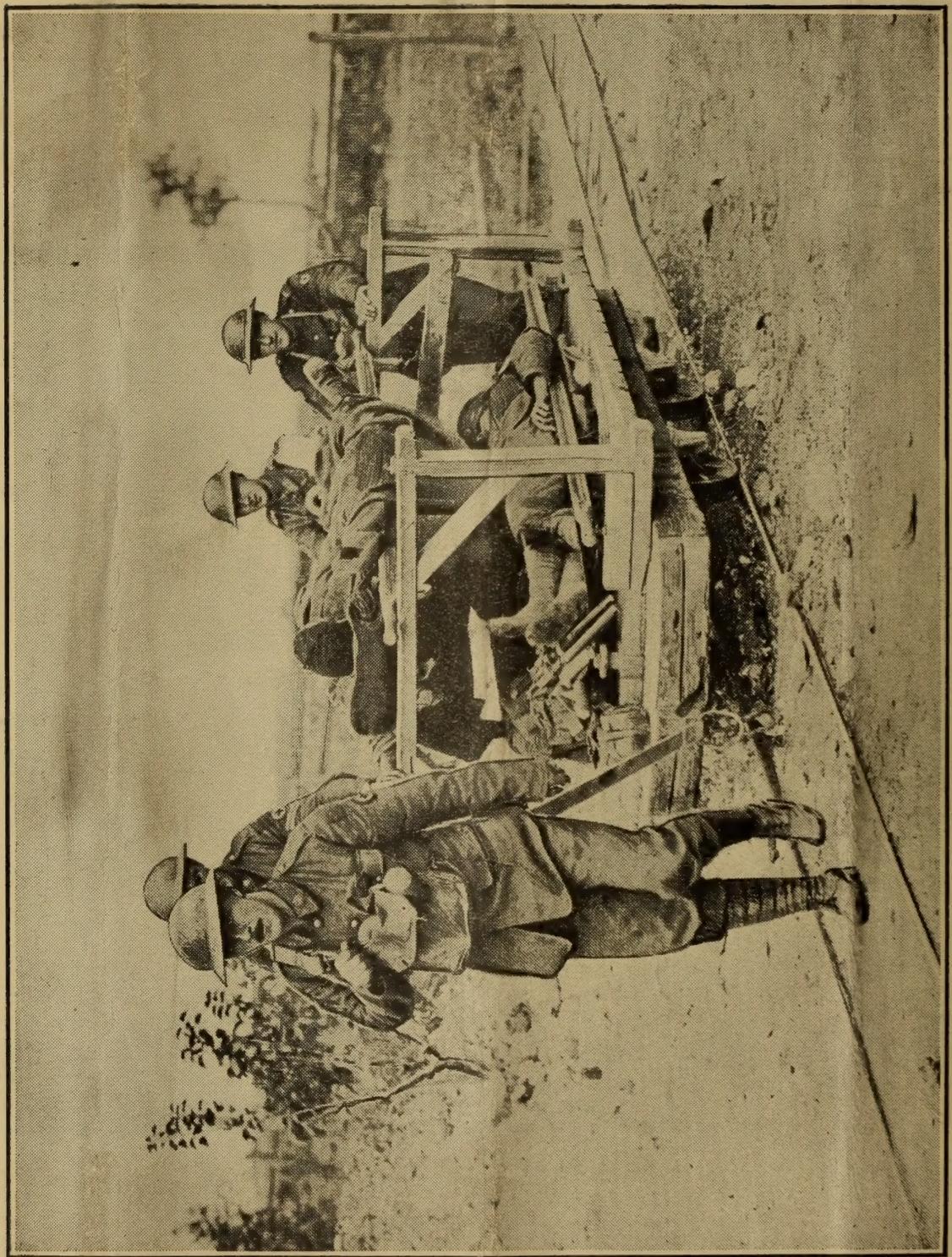
"Go and order some cages to be built," he roared to a private. "We've been recruiting from a menagerie!"

Simple Simon had joined up, and, hearing tales of refractory puttees, determined to have no long, long trail unwinding from his fatted calves. So he worked overtime at them, with the result that towards evening, limping and agonised, he sought a word with the Q.M.

"Please will you change these puttees?" said Simple Simon.

"Why, they're absolutely new!" growled the Q.M.

"I know," said Simon, "but you see, sir, they're too tight."



S.
W. L.
Horn